

Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. I.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1859.

NO. 21.

Bridgton Reporter,

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY

S. H. NOYES,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

BRIDGTON, ME.

CHARLES LAMSON, EDITOR.

TERMS. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE; one dollar fifty-cents at the end of the year.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. One square 16 lines, one insertion 75 cents, 3 insertions \$1.00; 3 months \$2.00; 6 months \$3.50; one year \$6.00; 1-4 column \$18.00; 1-2 column \$30.00; one column \$50.00

All letters must be addressed to the Publisher. Communications intended for publication should be accompanied by the name of the author.

JOB PRINTING executed with neatness, cheapness and despatch.

From the Home Journal. Confessions of a Flirt.

I had reached my seventeenth birthday, and was just returned from boarding-school. I do not think I would have been called pretty, but was witty, clever, brilliant and fascinating, and withal, ten years older in feeling and experience than my years. My voice was low and musical. I had striven to cultivate it, in singing and speaking, and had it under perfect control. I knew I was irresistible when I raised my really fine eyes in one of those melting glances into which my whole soul seemed to be poured. The consciousness of this power of fascination gave to my manner an air of quiet composure and gentleness, that accompanied well the soft endearments which I could manage so perfectly. I secretly gloried in it; and though scores of love letters and Valentines might have attested the fact to the satisfaction of others, I had none of the vanity that might have prompted a truer-hearted and more confiding girl to display these trophies of conquests to excite the envy of less favored companions. I was satisfied with the possession of the power to attract others within the circle of my influence, and exulted secretly over the dangerous gift. My cousin Mary was beautiful; my sister, I might call her for she had come a little orphan child into my father's house, and we had been nurtured together and she had shared with me in the love and tenderness of my mother, until death deprived us both of that inestimable blessing.

She was my elder by three years, and was really and truly beautiful. If the softest dark eyes could have revealed the gentleness and goodness within, hers might have told of sweetness unsurpassed. Rich masses of dark hair waved over temples of snowy whiteness. Ah! how cold it seems, when I attempt to portray, in words, the loveliness that fascinated even me. How often I have taken the little dimpled hand in my own, and kissed it passionately. Nothing could be more exquisite than the softly rounded arm and tiny, tapering fingers, as she pushed back the curling locks from her brow, when we sat in *deshabille*, on a summer's day, in our own apartment; or when it fell, like a mantle, over her fair, plump shoulders; and then the little white stockinged foot—and the slipper!—that seemed forgotten by some fairy after a midnight revel. Even I admired without envy, with the eye of an artist, this wealth of loveliness. I have wondered how she could help being intoxicated by her own charms; and yet, not a trace of vanity could be detected on that sweet face, as she wound her luxuriant hair into a charming little knot at the back of her dainty head. A casual observer would have wondered what anybody could see in my plain face, to win a single regard away from her; and yet, while I gazed upon her singular beauty, I knew I had the power, by a breath, to destroy her happiness—her very life. I felt that I ruled her destiny. I did not deliberately intend to harm her; I only wished to enjoy, for a little time, the luxury of power. It was something like holding a deadly weapon in one's hand, and minutely examining its capabilities of destruction, loading, priming, aiming without reflecting that in a moment it might be too late—the power to lay it aside would be gone; that an unforeseen accident might occasion its discharge, scattering death and woe around. I had no settled intention of wrong; it was only the present knowledge of power that gratified me. Oh! kind Heaven! that I might be able to retrace all those guilty steps that led me on to misery unspeakable. But to return.

My cousin Mary was three years my elder, and had been at the head of my father's establishment for the last few years. He was a lawyer, eminent in his profession, and a man of reputed wealth—gay, fond of high life, and company. His agreeable manners, and my cousin's great beauty, attracted crowds of distinguished visitors to the house. I did not fail to perceive that I had the power to retain them at my side, and that I could draw the most brilliant suitors from my

beautiful cousin's train. They admired, praised, flattered, and were dazzled by her charms; but they loved me—some of them madly, and to their ruin. But I anticipate. Mary had loved, since her childhood, Henry Danvers. They were betrothed. He was brilliant and captivating, and loved more passionately, because he was more ardent in his temperament, than Mary. Her love was quiet and clinging, but deep and enduring, as such a woman's love is sometimes—hers was entwined with her very life; she loved and she trusted; she did not fear my dangerous blandishments, because good and true herself; she did not dream that I, her sister, or her lover would wrong her.

The memory of those gentle eyes, floating in their liquid love-light, comes back with a pang of anguish now.

Henry adored my beautiful cousin, as men adore women—with a fresh adoration for every new face. He was fond of excitement, and I think he was sometimes almost satiated with the very perfection of her beauty and of her character; it was, perhaps, a little too monotonous for a lover. She was sincerity itself; she knew no arts and practised no little deceptions. Her delicate sense of honor would have been shocked at the idea of a flirtation; so he had no jealous fears to keep alive the ardor of pursuit. At the time of my return home from school, he was longing for some change—some excitement; but my dear little cousin, out of the deep purity of her own heart, failed to comprehend or know the fickleness of men's. She could not understand how soon they tire of the angels they woo and flatter, and how soon they will leave them, to follow the mere women who torment, cajole, and lead them on to ruin. My very success made me sceptical and miserable! What had she gained, I asked a thousand times, by all her goodness? I saw myself, without a tinge of it or her beauty, loved and followed. I knew I wielded an influence she never could have. Fool, that I was! I could not then see how strong a panoply was her innocence and purity; how, in time, it would enable her to soar far away, and leave me to grovel in the mire and woe which my boasted power and strength had plunged me. At first, from mere love of excitement, I won Henry Danvers to my side. When I saw him interested in my society, I was so secure and confident that it soon lost something of its zest, for me, and I amused myself flirting with many others—caring for none. But at length his manner changed entirely towards me. Whether his conscience was awakened, or any grieved word from my cousin, or a word of timely caution from any other person, checked his pursuit, I was unable to determine. But I was deeply mortified and piqued, and resolved to bring him back to my feet once more, to prove to him that he could not thus escape my power at will. I succeeded even more completely than before, in enchaining him.

The time drew near for the wedding. I thought I saw a sadness in my uncomplaining cousin's manner; but I had resolved to carry my point, and so shut my eyes to any misery I might be inflicting on her. One afternoon, about a month before the marriage-day, Mary and I had been out on a shopping expedition, making some of the thousand and one purchases that such an occasion requires. I had exquisite taste in selecting dress, and I gloried in decking Mary; she belonged to me. It gratified my pride. I had no envious feeling at being outshone in matters of dress or beauty. I did not care for that. It was love of power that crazed me: the desire to rule men's hearts—alas! not for good; only for my own selfishness. It was my ruling passion. I did not attempt to justify to myself my conduct on any plea of retaliation—for I thought but little of the wrongs inflicted on my sex; nor did I care if I had such fiendish coldness. What has it to do in the breast of a woman! and one so young! Why were we two so different—my cousin Mary and I?

We had finished our purchases, and had reached our own door-step, and were about entering the house, when Henry drove up in a little carriage: he had been out of town, on business, and had returned that way to stop at our house.

"Oh!" I said, abruptly turning back, "I am so glad you have come. I have forgotten something I wished to do at the other end of the town, and you are just in time to drive me there, and save me a long, tiresome walk. I am sure Mary can spare you to me long enough for that." And, without awaiting an answer, I sprang into the carriage. I was half in doubt whether he would be able to resist Mary's plaintive—"You won't be absent long!" and her look of disappointment; but he did, and we drove off in silence—which was maintained by both for the first few blocks.

"Where do you wish to go?" he asked, at length.

"Take me anywhere from myself," I said; "take me away, that I may forget everything but—"

I had triumphed once more over him. I forgot my little cousin—forgot everything for a time.

"Henry!" was all the word I uttered; but, oh! the look—the tone, was enough.

"Oh! Ellen, spare me!" he said wildly. He trembled like an aspen. "Ellen, be generous; save me from myself!"

"What can you mean?" I asked, innocently, turning my eyes in seeming wonder upon him. The flood gates were opened; he seemed to have lost all self-control. He snatched my hand, covered it with kisses, and poured into my ears burning words of love, and frenzy. He besought me to fly with him from the marriage that had grown later to him since he had known and loved me.

I listened in secret exultation, though I own I was a little startled at the storm of passion I had aroused. I could not interrupt him: for some time I did not make the attempt. But at length, when the violence of his feelings had subsided, I besought him with my charmed siren voice, to recollect himself for my sake—for his own—for Mary's! How he shuddered as her name fell from my lips. I spoke like a good, true-hearted woman. My tone—my look, seemed sincerity itself. To his wild impassioned words, with blushing face and downcast eyes I answered that I could have loved him fondly, had he been free; but my cousin's happiness was my plea.

I soothed—I charmed, consoled—and ere we parted, I made him promise that Mary's happiness should not be disturbed. To save my feelings he promised to fulfill his vows.

It was late, very late, when he returned. Mary's look, sweet face, I saw at the window. She hastened to the door, and her gentle, "How long you were away; did you have a pleasant drive?" almost awoke a sting of conscience in my cold breast.

"Are you not coming in?" she added, tremulously, as Henry turned to go, after assisting me to alight.

"You are not ill, dearest?" she murmured again, as she caught sight of his pale face.

"No," he answered, and, pleading business, he hurried away.

"What can be the matter?" she asked, looking searchingly into my face. "Has anything happened?"

"Nothing that I know of," I answered, carelessly. "You poor little soul! you don't expect men to be reasonable, I hope; if you do, you had better put that idea out of your head as soon as possible, if you expect to lead a quiet life."

She was not at ease evidently. I saw her eyes fill with tears; but I kissed her. I ran out of the room, pretending to laugh at her. I heard a deep sigh as I closed the door. It was a shadow settling on her young heart!

I did feel something like compunction for a time; but I really had no faith in man's constancy, and quieted my conscience by saying "that he would get over it soon, and settle down, and make her just as good a husband as any woman had; they are all alike, I dare say, if the truth was only known." But I had the grace to keep out of Henry's presence during the next few weeks, and I constantly repeated to myself, "He will forget it all when he is fairly married to her; she is so good and beautiful, he cannot help loving her."

The wedding-day came at last. Nobody was half as active as I. Mary was arrayed by my hand—everything was perfect. She appeared to me to be the embodiment of some delicious dream of loveliness, as I stood beside her at the altar—pure and innocent she looked, and happy! Henry was pale, but firm and manly; and a handsomer couple I never beheld—and a happy one, they might have been but for me. I felt it; but even then the fiend could not sleep in my breast, and as Henry was about to place the ring upon her finger, and pronouncing his solemn vows, I fixed my gaze upon him—I knew he would feel it. For an instant my eyes met: he turned deadly pale, and the ring slipped from his trembling hands. The delay gave him time to recover himself, and he pronounced his vows steadily, and with the air of a man resolved to fulfil them.

He took my sweet cousin to a pretty home of her own, and for a year she lived at least peacefully. I could not guess, from her gentle face or manner, whether she had discovered her husband's secret. I was occupied at home—I had other affairs on hand, in which I was, for the present, more interested; in fact, I did not care to carry matters to a disagreeable length, but I could not be satisfied unless fresh offerings were constantly laid upon the shrine of selfishness at which I sacrificed. Sometimes I encountered a heart as callous and selfish as my own; and then it was a mere question of vanity between us—a struggle on the one side, to engage the affections of the brilliant coquette; on the other, to secure the triumph of having fairly led captive the heart that had never yet been true to one.

Soon after the marriage of my cousin Mary, there appeared in my train a young man of excellent family and position, who really and truly loved me. He was intelligent, agreeable—everything that a worthy, honest

hearted woman could desire; but I laughed secretly at his folly in fancy that he could engage the affections of the brilliant woman, at whose feet all were kneeling to pay homage. The very humility and sincerity of his love, tried me to death. In short, I coquetted in the most reckless and heartless manner; and when he offered me his heart, hand, and fortune, I feigned the utmost astonishment, and protested I had never dreamed of showing him other than a sister's friendship and kindness, and begged, in my blandest and most persuasive tones, that he would forgive me if I had misled him; and straightway, before his eyes, commenced a most desperate flirtation with a handsome, dashing young officer. Poor fellow! he was good and kind, but he was weak—that night he shot himself.

The affair made a great sensation in the town; people talked and wondered for nine days; some blamed, some pitied me; but I—heartless creature—I cannot tell what infatuation possessed me. My hour had not yet come—I was still callous: I flirted and chatted as gayly as ever; rode and danced. Riding was my forte: bold and fearless, I did so with grace and ease, and there was nothing I so thoroughly enjoyed; and with young Lieutenant Wollen, I was almost daily to be seen indulging in this, my favorite amusement.

He was an elegant looking man, and a fine horseman. I was also gratified with the, "By Jove! that's a splendid couple!" that greeted my ears as we passed the gay crowds on the fashionable drives.

[Conclusion next week.]

Ben Johnson's Description of a Waltz.

When we got into the place we found a great large room, as big as a meeting-house—lighted up with smashin' big lamps, covered all over with glass hangin's. The ladies looked as nice as the little angels, their faces as white as if they had dipped them in a flour barrel; such red cheeks I hadn't seen in all Sleepy Hollow; their arms all covered with gold bangles, chains and shiny beads; such lips you never see—they looked "come kiss me" all over; their eyes looked like diamonds; their waste drawn to the size of a pipe stem, and made to look like they were undergoing a regular cutting in two operation, by tyin' a strong string tight around 'em; and their bosoms—O, Lor, all covered up in laces and muslins; then rose again, like—O, I don't know what it was like ceptin' the breathin' of a snowy white goose chucked into a tight bag, with its breast just out!

After the gals and youngsters walked round for a considerable spell, the music struck up—and such music. It was a big horn and a little horn—a big flute and a little flute—a big fiddle and a little fiddle—and such squeakin' squallin', bellowin', I never heard before; it was like all the pigs, cats, frogs in Christendom and concluded to sing together. They called it a German Porker. I s'pose it was made by some of them Cincinnati Germans, in imitation of the squealin' at a pork packery and I guess it was a pretty good imitation.

So soon as the music struck up—such a sight! The fellows caught the gals right around the waist with one hand, and pulled them right smack up in kissin' order, with the gals' bosoms agin their bosoms, and the gals' chins restin' on the fellers' shoulders. At this the gals sorter jump and easier, like they were agoin' to push them away; but the fellers just caught hold of the other hand and held it off, and began to jump and caper too, jest like the gals.

I swon upon a stack of Bibles, you never seed such a sight! There were some two dozen gals held tight in the arms of them fellers—they a rarin' and jumpin' and pushin' them backwards over the room (as I thought tryin' to get away from them), and the fellers holdin' on to 'em tighter; and they squeezed the gals till at last I began to think the thing was being carried too far for fun. I was a little green in these matters; and seedn' the gals tryin' harder and harder to get away, as I thought, and the fellers holdin' tighter and tighter, it was very natural that I should take the gals' part. So my dander kept a risin' higher and higher till I thought my biler would bust unless I let out some steam. I bounded into the middle of the room. "Thunder and lightning!" everybody come here with shot guns, six-shooters, and bowie-knives! bawled I at the top of my voice; "for I will be shot if any do! blasted, long bearded fellers shall impose on gals that way any where I am!" and was agoin' to pitch into 'em promiscuously when my merchant caught me, by the arm, and said, "Stop, Ben." "I'll be cussed!" says I "if I will see the wimmen folks imposed on!" Look what them fellers are doin', and how hard the gals are rarin' and pitchin' to get from 'em! Do you s'pose I can stand still as a mile post and see the gals suffer so? Look, says I, there is a gal almost broke down, ready to give up to that rangotang of a feller! Yonner is another so faint her head has fallen on the bosom of the monster! I tell

you I was ashy; I felt like I could jump into them like a catamount into a pig pen.

When I looked into my merchant's face I thought he would have busted. He laft, and squatted down and laft. "Why, Ben," says he, "that is nothin' but the red war waltz they are dancin', and them gals aint tryin' to get away from them fellers—they're only caperin' to make the fellers hold 'em tighter, kase they like it. The more the girls caper, the tighter they wish to be squeezed. As to layin' their heads on the fellers' bosoms, that's very common in this city. They expect to be married some of these days, and they want to be accustomed to it, so they won't be a blushin' and turnin' pale, when the parson tell the groom to salute the bride. There's nothin' like bein' used to such things."

"You may take my hat," says I to my merchant. "I was tuck in that time." I tell you, though, it was the first time I ever seed the like before. I have seen the Indian hug, and the Congo dance, but I tell you this red war waltz knocks the hat crown out of everybody I ever seed."

After I had got out of the way and every thing commenced goin' on again, the music went faster and faster—oh, it was fast and furious as a north-wester! The galls reared again, the fellers hugged tighter, and the music makers puffed out a blowin'. Then the galls and fellers spun round like so many tops run mad. The fellers leaned back and the galls leaned to 'em; the galls' fine frocks sailed out and popped into the air like on a windy day; the fellers coat tails stood out so straight that an egg would not have rolled off; their faces were as fixed and serious as a sarment. Around they went; it makes me dizzy to think of it. Pow went the coat-tails, crash went the music, and pitty patty, rump duple de thump went the feet of all. By and by, as beautiful a craft as ever you seed in the shape of a woman, layin' close up to a long beanpole lookin' feller, came sailin' at the rate of ten miles an hour down our way, whilst a fat, dumpy woman, and a hump shouldered, beaf eaten sort of a feller, at the same speed went up the other. I seed there was to be sun bumpin' and naturally trembled for the consequences. Sure enough—ka-whallop they came together, and slapdash the whole of 'em fell right in the middle of the room carryin' along with 'em every thing standin' near.

Such a mixlin' of things as then occurred haint occurred before or since old father Noah unloaded his great ark. There was legs and arms, white kids and pamelias, patent leather and satin gaiters, shoe strings and garters, neck ribbons and guard chains, false curls and whiskers, wimmen's bustles and pocket handkerchiefs—all in a pile—the galls kickin' and squealin', and the fellers gruntin' and apologisin'.

"Oh Lorly," says I—for I was considerably frustrated at the sight—"stop that music, blow out the lights, or all hands shut their eyes until the wimmen folks get unmixed." At this, such a laugh you never heard.

"Why, Col. Johnson," says my merchant, "that is nothin'." It frequently happens, and is one of the advantages of the red war waltz. If the gals aint learnt how to mix with the world how can they ever get along?"

"I would rather have 'em all a little mixed," says I; "but that is too much of a good thing. However, let us leave, we've seed enough of the Sorry in the pile just now to satisfy me for a week;" and 'at that we bid 'em good night, and left, promisin' to go to the next one and take a few lessons in the common Polka and Souths dance.

BEN JOHNSON.

TO BE COAXED OR DRIVEN.

BY CLARA SIDNEY.

There are two kinds of men—one kind go by driving, the other don't.

There is, indeed, a third class who will go neither by driving nor in any other way; but let them pass for nothing.

The men who can't be driven, but who are always open to reason, and attentive to the voice of persuasion, are the men to be valued—these are the noblest ones. They are stubborn and hard, to be sure, against the hand of violence; they are of a proud and determined make; they are the granite of humanity in that respect; but no down is softer to the entreaties of helplessness, and no unadulterated gold is more pliable than they are to the voice of reason. Blessed are such men. Miserable would this world be without them. Nobody who has any self respect, or any sort of insight into human nature, would ever attempt to drive such men as these; there is no use in trying it, and no pleasure—you are always sure to spend your strength for naught, and when you sit down under the mortification of defeat you have but this for your consolation: "He would have done all for me that I desired had I but tried persuasion instead of force."

But the first class of which we speak need forcing. They cannot be managed without it. They are too lazy, or too indifferent, or

timid, to go ahead well in anything till they have had, at least, one good shove from somebody. Push them, drive them, hustle them along, and they will do well enough; but just let them alone, and every enterprise upon their hands will languish and fail. With very indolent children one smart spank is more effectual than volumes of reasoning, and just so such men as these latter are helped by a shake and a push than by any amount of arguments; they can be got further on by main strength than by all the entreaties and solicitations in the world. Therefore, we should study the tempers of those with whom we have to do, and be sure not to make mistakes; for to try to drive one who ought to be only coaxed, or to coax one who needs to be driven, is a great waste of time, patience, and industry. And people are always blundering in this very matter.

A SKETCH FOR PAUL PRY.

A lady from a distance writes to know "how I look, as she has read very contradictory reports in the papers, as to black eyes and blue, blonde hair and raven, short stature and tall, thinness and thickness of figure, till she is quite unable to form an opinion" on this very important subject.

As misery loves company, it may be some satisfaction to you, my dear Madam, to know that many people, with much better opportunities of judging, have fallen into ludicrous mistakes while pursuing this branch of knowledge; taking a minute inventory of some women, quite innocent of ink-tipped fingers, with a zeal worthy of a New York correspondent for some country paper; hence the discrepancies in the accounts you complain of. Having a strong sympathy for such misguided sons of Adam, I proceed, both in mercy to them and in answer to your letter, to sketch myself and my personal habits so accurately, that hereafter there need be no mistake on a point of such vital interest. Listen:

Imagine a thin angular, stooping figure, blue-eyed, gray-haired, unable to walk without the aid of a stick, unless, indeed, some friendly arm is near. A teedy, sour, ferocious old creature, who never laughs herself, and is therefore unwilling anybody else should laugh; who fancies only wiry dogs and vicious horses, and keeps a nest of snakes in her boudoir, that she may amuse herself by terrifying her visitors; who wears long dresses to conceal the loss of her foot which occurred in an attempt to kick a child who sneezed, just as she was trying to catch an idea; who has twelve children and five grand-children—any mention of the latter being sufficient to set her into the most insane fury—and who are consequently boarded in the country, and never alluded to by those who wish to stand high in her esteem. Imagine her dress to be generally of bright yellow, with pink trimmings, or sea-green looped with sky-blue ribbons. Imagine her so fond of seeing herself reproduced in aguerrean galleries, that she actually persecutes every owner of one, and every artist she knows, to sketch her.

She rises about twelve o'clock every forenoon, and breakfasts on her favorite dish of fried onions. She then writes for three hours, paying an organ-grinder to execute "Pop Goes the Weazle" under her window the while. Then she admits a hair-dresser to braid her gray locks, after which she rolls herself in huge shawls, to conceal the extreme thinness of her figure, and strikes an attitude on the parlor sofa to receive visitors, which she prefers to be of the female persuasion. At six she dines, drinking large quantities of "brown stout." After that she is lifted into a carriage, and proceeds to the opera or the theater, or wherever she can display herself to the best advantage. Her age is undoubtedly seventy, though she confesses only to sixty-nine. As to Mr. Fern, he is a corpulent gentleman of sixty—red-faced, bald-headed, just now employed, body and soul, in getting out a patent machine for packing herrings, which has been received with great favor at Washington, and in which he has been greatly assisted by his wife's mechanical turn of mind.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Fern are very hospitable. They are famous for their "literary soirees," at which the principal recommendation is great latitude in length of hair and ears. A list of "hotel arrivals" is left daily at their door, and a runner constantly employed to secure the most favorable specimens of this class. If the title of "Lord" be prefixed to the new arrival, the runner receives an extra fee at their hands for prompt intelligence, and the first chance at him. You will be pleased to observe, my dear Madam, that notwithstanding the many claims society has upon their valuable time, this fascinating couple still contrive to push as fast as possible, that valuable patent for packing herrings, to which I have alluded, though I cannot yet name the exact day on which it will be at the service of the public. Any further information which may be desired by you or any body else on that, or any other personal topic connected with them, will be most delightedly given by your obliged friend,

PAUL PRY.

The Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1859.

Work. Work may be viewed under a two-fold aspect—viz, drudgery and play. It will be remembered by those who have read the Book of Genises, that work was inflicted upon man as a penalty for sin. Adam was, for tasting of the forbidden fruit, to earn his bread in the sweat of his face. Our modern notions do not construe work as a penalty, and we are accustomed to regard it as a great blessing. The question is, Does either Science or Philosophy really ignore the penal fiat pronounced in Genises? We think not. There is evidently enough a kind of work that is an affliction to man, not because he is normally a lazy being, as some aver, but because it is uncongenial with him. Let a man have his true work—the work his peculiar powers adapt him to-do, and it ceases to be drudgery, and henceforth becomes play. Man was never designed to be an inactive being—immobility—laziness, is quite contrary to the very laws of life. The true end of life is activity, and therefore, to say that legitimate work was designed as a curse, is to give the lie to the very constituents of life. Life is movement—motion, and movement in useful and constructive directions—in a word, it is work. Work, therefore, is, as an old Monk denominated it, worship. It is praise—play—the music of action, and is resultant of the highest pleasure and joy.

But when a man has to work or not beyond his strength, and in uncongenial directions, then work is a curse to him—a wasting, demoralising, disorganizing drudgery. To be blessed by our labor, it must be governed by the "perfect law of liberty"—that is, must be nicely adapted to the natural powers of the worker.

We know well enough that there are lazy persons to whom action of all kinds is disagreeable. These persons are simply diseased. Laziness is a disease, and therefore no rule by which to judge the race. Laziness is incipient death—it is unnatural, and is therefore out of the question in this discussion.

Our conclusions in the premises are these: the man who has not found his natural work in life—who does not like it, is a *drudge*,—no matter how much worldly, perishing gear he accumulates thereby. In this course, the ends of his life will not be reached. The man who finds his true work,—by which we mean the work his native powers fit him to do,—is "blessed in his deed." His very work is its own reward, and becomes veritable and joyous play! Children do not like work, not because they are lazy, but because it does not allow free play to their powers.—It restrains the exuberant life of their exultant spirits. Their undeveloped mind has not yet discerned the great law of use. When that is discovered, by the urgings of necessity, then their powers begin to be directed into the channels of use, and then begins the more subdued, yet not less joyous play which we call work. Life, in the true sense of the term, is play. And when we come to understand it right, and to govern ourselves according to its fundamental intents, it will be but a joyful and ever prolonged play.

Our doctrine may seem to the great prevailing body of croakers and malcontents, an extremely visionary one; but let them once acquire fullness of moral and physical health, if but for a short time, and they will acquiesce in our conclusions.

KILLING THE MOOSE. Those of our fellow citizens who have been logging up in the Magalloway Settlement, have recently returned home after having had a good season for their business. We are informed by our friend, Joseph Dresser, that there has been in that region a wholesale slaughter of Moose. One man alone has killed some twenty-five within a short time. Nothing is done with them than to strip off their hides,—their flesh being left in the snow. Should not the law interpose to protect this splendid animal? It is well known that its meat is very palatable. A Moose steak is said to be preferable to a beef steak. This wasteful and wanton slaughter of our forest and lake game must come to an end,—else we shall, by and by, have neither venison or trout to lay our jaws to. There is a lawless and improvident class of people in our country who would slay, eat and destroy, without the least regard to future supplies. Both law and Gospel should "lay an injunction" upon such inconsiderate and rapacious persons.

DREAMS ARE PROPHECIES. We had a glorious dream the other night, which gave us a clear and distinct view of what was suggested to us to be the Vale of Tempe. The grass there was intensely green, (perhaps the reader will think that we are no less so,) the air translucent, and the flowers full of glowing vitality. The songs of birds were also in keeping with the entire scene. The impression left by the sweet vision is still fresh, and we think it prognosticates an early and more than commonly wide awake spring. Nature, in imitation of the long dormant business world, is coming forward with an additional impetus of life. Be that as it may, we feel that "everlasting spring" abides in the soul, else we could not have such transcripts of it, as we sometimes do, in our dreams.

ROBBERY. L. C. Nelson of this town was robbed at his father's house, in Portland, one night last week, of a considerable sum of money,—ninety odd dollars,—by a young man by the name of Ashford. The thief was taken in Boston, and part of the money recovered.

"ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. In accordance with the custom of some other great newspaper establishments, we take this summary way to answer our numerous correspondents. It will save us much trouble, in the way of private responses, and beside give our "host" of readers to understand what is going on between us and the scribbling world.

"Snapping Turtle"—is informed that we allow of no "snapping" in our columns. The "Literary Casket" has contracted to do all of the local scolding.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—Should we consult our own taste in the premises, we should most assuredly print your communication; but you so transcendentalise your thoughts and opinions that they would "hit" our readers "nowhere." In one word, Brother Ralph, you fire too high for our humble patrons. They want something which they can "appreciate." Still we thank you for the honor you intended us.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN. We are heartily sorry that we cannot comply with your urgent request to take a seat in your cabinet. If Mr. Holt will not insist on calling an extra session, we think you had better let him retain his place. We shall not object, when we are relieved from our present business pressure, to accepting an embassy to the "Lo-bus Islands."

LOUIS NAPOLEON. We have no sympathy at all with you in your contemplated quarrel with Frances Joseph of Austria. A fight between you would affect us in pretty much the same way as would a battle between a "skunk and a rattlesnake." We hope if you do get at logger-heads, that it will prove a regular kill-kenney game. In a better state of civilization neither of you would be tolerated.

N. DOLITTLE SNIVELLER. We are sorry that that capricious damsel should have mitted you. But you must resort to Ovid's cure for such heart-disasters: fall in, or tumble into, love with the next charmer you meet. Besides, you must remember that every Jack must have a gill (t).

"Honest Inquirer" is informed that the pie we had stolen from us, was originally given us as a reward of merit. The pie was returned by the thieves, and afterwards re-stolen and partly eaten. We agree with "Honest Inquirer" that the lady who "duplicated," (as Nathan would say,) the theft, should go a short term to the Reform School.

R. GAGE. Yes, we are not averse to accepting presents, when we are satisfied the "donations" are expressions of good will.—Under the circumstances, you may send along the Maple Sugar as soon—as you make it.

"Bread Maker" should be aware that we know more about eating bread than we do about making it. This much, however, we do know: when we ask for bread of the ladies, we do not think it just right that they should give us a stone. Our "bread-baker" is too frail to sustain such weighty fodder. Heavy bread is our abomination. We are in favor of using yeast in making bread. The woman who uses saleratus in making bread, is an enemy to the race. Nothing makes the festal board look so dismal as yellow biscuit. We have no objection at all to yellow butter, but from bread of that color, "good Lord deliver us."

"Mariner's Compass." This correspondent is referred to our friend, William Burnell, who may always be found at his post in Alley's shoe shop. His theory is, that the magnetic needle is attracted to that pole, be it north or south, to which it is nearest. He is too staunch a democrat to think of having the north pole monopolise all of the needle's attention.

Quite a number of correspondents stand over for notice next week.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April has a good deal of fine reading, of course, and we cheerfully recommend it as, perhaps, the best periodical America has yet produced. Dr. Holmes is a delightfully natural writer, and his contributions alone may be considered as fairly worth the yearly price of the magazine. Mrs. Stowe's story is good, although we confess we do not like her sort of stock in trade.

"A Letter to a Dyspeptic" is sensible, full of pleasant banter, and would do any one good to read it. A great deal of our sickness could be easily remedied by the exercise of a little of the mere common sense in relation to air, diet, and physical exercise.

"The Poetic Prayer for Life," is of the Chinese-gong-school; and if the author be really in earnest in this ambitiously expressed desire to live to a mature age, we advise him or her (the latter we guess,) to abstain from any more such labored efforts at verse-writing; for she will surely not survive a second attempt. Even the leaves of "the holy tree sciential" will not save her!

The Atlantic Monthly, as well as every other American work, is cursed by the straining attempts of sorry pedants. Most every writer seems quite anxious to show that they are immensely learned, and that they know every crook and turn of the Greek Mythology. A vast many of us common readers get cheated out of many good things by their being couched in such obscure and highly learned language. What the dogs are we to understand by such imposing jargon as this:

"Minerva's Gorgon, Ammon's cyclic Asp?" Was that the asp that bit Cleopatra? Do inform us. There are, besides the serials, some sparkling stories in the present number of the Atlantic.

Another great rain, and yet the fields hereabouts present few bare spots. There was, before this last rain, two feet of snow in the woods. The roads have begun to be some bare.

ROW IN BOSTON. As most all of the papers have had something to say about the recent troubles in one of the Boston schools, we suppose it will be expected that we shall have something to offer upon the subject. It appears that a large number of the children of Roman Catholic parents, refused, at the instigation of the latter, to repeat the Protestant version of the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, in the school in question and were consequently turned out of it. This affair of course created some excitement, and for a while, the pulpit, press, and police court were at it "tooth and nail." At last, as we learn, the Catholics have given up the contest, not being unanimous in relation to the policy of the rebels against the School authorities. All we have to say is, that religionists are very apt to quarrel about matters of little moment, and mutually neglect the "weightier matter of the law," such as faith, hope, and charity. We apprehend it would not greatly contaminate catholic children if they did read the Commandments and Lord's prayer, as rendered in the Protestant Bible.

LITERARY. Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase, one of our first class publishing houses, have entered into such arrangements with publishers throughout the country as enable them to furnish works of all kinds promptly and at the lowest possible prices. They are also about to publish many valuable books, several of which are now in press. We learn that GEORGE L. DIX, Esq., so long and so favorably known during his connection with Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., has become associated with Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase. He will prove a valuable accession to the firm, as he is a gentleman who unites an extensive and a critical knowledge of books to great industry and thorough acquaintance with and capacity for business. —[Boston Traveller.

When we learned that Mr. Eaton, of the Maine Farmer was to take the place of Mr. Dix as business manager of the Atlantic Monthly, we queried what was to become of the latter? The above, from the Boston Traveller, satisfactorily answers the query. Mr. Dix is not only a good business man, but also a good writer and critic. His judgment of books is capital, as his extensive newspaper correspondence gives evidence. We are right glad that he has not left this, his true field of labor.

POT LUCK. We took pot luck with Bro. Noyes the other day, and expressed some surprise at the sumptuousness of the well-cooked materials. Whereupon Noyes was fain to acknowledge that he was indebted mostly, to friend F. D. HANSON for supplies for said occasion. The little donations are very pleasant things to newspaper publishers. Let it be understood that small favors are gratefully received. Hanson keeps a meat market.

CAVED IN. The building in process of erection in Froville, and designed as a Store for Mr. J. E. Jenks, fell down on Wednesday last, and carried with it, from the ridge-pole to the foundation, Messrs. Varney, Hobbs, and Woodbury, who were at work on it. Luckily, neither of them were badly hurt. The foundation frame-work must have been rather flimsy. Try again, gentlemen.

TOBACCO. A southern exchange paper says:—"It is stated that the Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburg, lectured so powerfully in Webster, a few days ago, against the use of tobacco, that several of his audience went home and burned their cigars—holding one end of them in their mouths."—[Exchange.

The Rev. Gentleman's discourse shared a fate similar to that of our own diatribes against the use of tobacco. We do not observe any signs of reformation following them, other than followed his.

EGG-STRAORDINARY EGG. Mr. Samuel Martin of Lovell, left an egg with us the other day which measured 8 inches round one way, and 5 3/4 inches the other, layed by a Spanish blood hen. This is what we call an egg-aggregated specimen of an egg; and the hen that will lay and set upon a nest full of such, would set a good egg-ample to hendom,—although we should egg-pect it would egg-haunt her means.

BOSTON POST OFFICE is to be moved back to the old spot—the removal to Summer street, according to the Attorney General, being illegal. Why did not the removers, before taking such a step, consult said Attorney? Some egregious blunders are committed by very wise people. This case is like that of the King of France, who with "twenty thousand men," &c.

Miss Abbie A. Ball will commence a private School in the Engine House, next Monday morning, April 4th. We are glad of this, and hope parents will avail themselves of Miss. Ball's well known skill in teaching the ideas of their children how to shoot.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE. Rev. Mr. DORE of Bolsters' Mills will preach in the Universalist Church in this Village, in one week from next Sabbath, April 10th.

PERSONAL. Uncle ABNER has arrived in town to make a permanent stop. He informs us that he came across "Ryefield Bridge" on the stringers.

BAD EXAMPLE. We saw Dr. FAIRBROTHER the other day, with a pipe in his mouth.—Rather a bad example for a dyspeptic doctor!

The Propagateur Catholique, a Southern Catholic journal learns from persons worthy of confidence, that Gen. Walker, recently converted to the Catholic Church, has determined to enter a religious order and become a Catholic priest.

[Correspondence of the Reporter.]

ALBANY, March 28, 1859.

The Resolves in relation to Biennial Elections &c., were refused a passage in the House, by a vote of 66 to 61, it requiring a two thirds vote to pass them.

The Cumberland members voted as follows: For the Resolves, Baker, Blake, Blanchard, Clark, Given, Prince, Robie, Thomes and Wells. Against them, Butler, Dow, Dunn, King, Absent, Hasty, D. T. Libbey, J. S. Libbey, Perley and Walker.

In the Senate, Mr. Hamlin said he should vote for the Resolves because it would save \$75,000 a year. "Two classes were opposed to their passage, speculators and small-beer politicians. He regarded the State as almost in an insolvent condition," &c. After which they passed 21 to 7. Anderson, Hanford and Skifford of the Cumberland Senators voted for the Resolves, Goddard against them.

A bill has passed fixing a salary of \$500 per annum for the Cumberland county Commissioners, and \$1,500 for Clerk of the Courts with \$1000 additional for clerk hire. As the County Commissioners have received from \$1000 to \$1,700 in years past, this will save the county some \$2,500 or \$3000 annually. As to Clerk of the Courts, some say that his pay has been as high as \$3,800 annually, while he says that it reached only \$2,800 or \$2,900, and as he will have \$2,500 now, perhaps there is only \$300 or \$400 saved in this case. Last year the office of county Auditor was established for Cumberland county which it was said reduced the bill for stationery for the county officers, from \$5,100, the year before to \$1,600 last year. A bill has passed abolishing that office. Somebody will have to watch the stationery bills.

Well, now about the Aroostook Railroad. It will be recollected that last fall a committee, to devise means for the State to aid the road without expense to anybody, met in Bangor. When the Legislature met there were secret whisperings that said committee had arrived at the great desideratum. The whole matter was a great secret. Its exposure to the air might cause it to evaporate, or make Railroads so plenty as to spoil the whole project. After a long time the Railroad committee to whom had been entrusted the great secret, of course, reported a very common place bill to aid the Aroostook Railroad by giving the company, upon certain conditions, \$1,000,000, providing the people were anxious enough to have it done, to vote to remove the constitutional restrictions. After the bill had been well discussed in the House by Messrs. Pike, McCallis, and others, Mr. Smart offered a substitute for the entire bill, which obviates the necessity of changing the constitution, by granting the proceeds of the public lands to the Aroostook Railroad Company.

The proposition now is to have the road built from Bangor to Mattawamkeag, thence across the corner of Aroostook county to Orient, so as to tap the St. Andrews and Quebec Railroad twenty miles below Houlton. Look at the map of Maine and see if this is opening up the valley of the Aroostook for the benefit of settlers! Although the people of the State would like to aid the settlement of Aroostook by granting the State lands for that purpose, they will not even care to give the lands unless the road is to accomplish the object for which it was proposed. At any rate the idea of having constitutional restrictions removed so as to flood the State with debt for the purpose of advancing some chimerical enterprise is preposterous in the extreme.

When Andreau exhibited his Panorama of the Lake Progress, here in January, in describing a painting representing scenery near Presque Isle, he pointed his rod to the curve of a hill, and facing the audience, said, "an here you see the cars coming—bump!" To hear the talk upon this matter, one would expect to hear the "cars coming" as soon as "bump-by" if not before.

ETNA.

PRIZES FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.—The Maine Spectator, the new dollar weekly paper for the young, recently commenced at Rockland, offers an attractive prize of two splendid oil paintings to the largest club of subscribers formed at the regular subscription price, and also a series of prizes to its young readers, for the best compositions, largest clubs, &c. The Spectator is published by Mr. Z. Pope Voss, who is endeavoring to make a paper which shall meet the wants and promote the education and culture of our youth. The paper looks and reads well, and the enterprise has a just claim upon the parents, teachers and youth of our State. The "Stairway," the department of the paper designed to receive communications from its young readers, is meeting with much favor among the boys and girls. Such a paper has certainly better claims upon the people of Maine than the trash literature which floods us from abroad. Send for a copy and judge for yourself.

A TRUTH ATTERLY PRESENTED. When we were at the water-cure as a visitor, we mean, a man who had been pining for years, and nobody could tell what ailed him, was put into the cold packing, and very soon an eruption of measles came out all over him. It turned out that the man had the measles years before, and the doctor drugged it out of sight, and ever since it has been tormenting him inwardly. Even so the grief of childhood may be violently flogged out of sight, instead of being drawn to the surface by more gentle methods, and the result may be a sorry temper that never knows the relief of tears, but always sulks and whines.—Monthly Religious Magazine.

In Mexico, everybody is supposed to be ex-President who wears a clean shirt and keeps his hands washed. And in this country, every politician expects to be President, whether he has a shirt or not.

The admirers of Theodore Parker, in the town of Brattleboro', Vt., have purchased and presented to the Town Library a complete set of his published works.

[Correspondence from Southern Indiana.]

March 8, 1859.

MR. REPORTER:—Your weekly visits give us a great deal of pleasure, and if agreeable, we will furnish you with some sketches from Hoosierdom. Doubtless some of our old friends may find some interest in them. We are enjoying most delightful weather. Every thing around is putting on the green livery of spring. Our Peach trees are full of buds and in a few days will be in full bloom.—Some flowers in our yard are already in blossom. We love New England with its cloud-capped mountains, its beautiful vales, lakes and rivers, aye, and the broad ocean, whose waves sweep the rugged coast; the beauties of our western home cannot make us forget its charms, or the loved friends we left there. We thought when we left Maine that we were coming "out west," but find that we haven't got there yet,—it is far, far beyond us.

But we promised to give you some sketches of this western world, and know of no better place to commence than the Ohio valley.—But our pen cannot describe one half its loveliness. One must see for himself to realize it. Cincinnati, that great city of Smoke and Pork, is too well known to need a description; so we will step on board one of the splendid steamers, and proceed down the river. On one side is the Kentucky shore. The land of "whips and chains." What a pleasing appearance it presents to the eye. Pleasant villages scattered here and there on the river, give it a very picturesque appearance. But we can almost hear the bondman's cry, and turn to the opposite shore, with feelings of joy that our home is in a land of freedom.

The Ohio valley is surpassingly beautiful. That part of southern Indiana that borders on the river, is broken and hilly. After leaving the valley (or bottoms) the land gradually rises; beautiful country seats are built about half way up these sunny slopes, while the tops are covered with grape vines, which are very extensively cultivated.

The Canal on the bank of the river, its boats drawn by mules, sometimes three or four harnessed in tandem, the iron horse thundering along close beside it, while new objects of beauty and interest greet the eye at every turn. But here is North Bend and we are in full view of the spot, where once stood the far famed "Log Cabin," celebrated in song and story. Nothing now remains but some blackened chimneys, and as we gaze upon the ruins, and then upon the tomb a few rods from them, the last resting place of its once illustrious owner, (Gen. Harrison,) we are forcibly reminded that death is no respecter of persons. The great must bow before his stern decree, as well as those in humble life. But while we are moralizing, the noble steamer is bearing us onward. The big Miami empties itself into the Ohio just above the city of Laurensburg. The bottom lands are very productive. Corn is the principal production. It is quite a sight to a fresh yankee, (as the Hoosiers call the newcomers) to see thousands of acres of corn apparently in one vast field. The corn grows so tall that the fences are not discernable.—Here is Laurensburg, and we must give it at least a passing notice. It is a large, wealthy, thriving city of considerable taste and beauty. It is situated on the river, and like all such places, liable to inundations.—But much credit is due the citizens; for the many difficulties they have had to encounter on account of the rise of the river, have been nobly met. The elevation of their streets, and their embankments, to guard against flood and overflow, is worthy of all praise.—But they still suffer much inconvenience and loss of property. The heavy rains this winter, caused such a rise of the river, that all the Cities and Villages on it, suffered more or less. We rode down to L.—or rather in sight of it, and for the first time in our life saw a city surrounded by water, and partially covered. It was a sad, gloomy sight. Many families were obliged to give up their homes to the merciless waters and seek a place of shelter elsewhere. The Court House and some of the Churches were crowded with people till the water subsided. But people will live in such places, and seem to enjoy life as well as their more fortunate neighbors. There are some fine buildings in L.—several large business houses. Aurora, four miles below, is a fine little city, much prettier than L.; we think so probably because it is not so flat. We have been so long accustomed to hills and mountains, that it will be some time before we become sufficiently Hoosierized to admire a low flat country. A. is a very enterprising place, and has some of the finest mansions we have seen. But there are some objections, to all these places, in the west. In the first place the "swine family," always disagreeable, are as every one knows very numerous here, and possess the unlimited privilege of rambling at will in city or country.

We have only space to speak of one thing more at this time; and that is so oversteeringly disagreeable, that it would be unpardonable in us to overlook it. Every city and village of any respectable size as far as we know, on the river, is cursed with a "Whiskey Distillery." The very air smells of whiskey. We never saw one till we came west, and we look upon them with disgust. Even our horse, (good temperance beast that he is) always snuffs up his nose when we pass by them. But more anon. C. J.

DINNA FORGET. A man cannot wait for his dinner without instantly losing his temper; but see with what angelic sweetness a woman bears the trial! Has woman more patience, then, than man? Not a bit of it—only she has lunched, and the man has not. Children are much like jellies—as they are moulded, so will they turn out.

DEIFTING THE FEMALE SEX. Rev. Dr. Alder, in his recent Volume of Sermons, utters the following solemn warning:—"What a horrid fraud Satan is practicing on the Church, in regard to the daughters of the covenant! In fashionable circles—dances name them Christian—the years where girlhood merges into maturity are frequently sold to the adversary. The young American woman is taught to deem herself a goddess; there be wealth, if there be accomplishments; if there be beauty, almost a miracle seems necessary to prevent the loss of the soul. I hold her pass from the pedestal to the altar. The charming victim is decked for sacrifice; every breath that comes to her is incense. Her very studies are to fit her for admiration. Day and night, the gay but wretched maid is taught to think of self and selfish pleasure. Till some Lenten fast of solemnity interrupts the whirl, the season is too short for engagements. Grave parents shake the heads at magnificent apparel, costly gem night turned into day, dances, at which the young man would have blushed, pale cheeks, yeting frames, threatened decay; and yet they allow and submit. And thus that sex, who ought to show the sweet, unselfish innocence of a holy youth, is carried to the overheated temples of pleasure. Thus the so-called Christian verifies the Apostle's maxim: "She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth."

WHOLESALE BAPTISM. The "London Punch" is full of its fun and sarcasm on all subjects. Here is a specimen.

It is finally decided by the Pope, the Emperor and the *Univers*, in re the little J. boy's Mortara, baptized surreptitiously by his nursery-maid, that baptism into the church of Rome, "even when administered without the knowledge or consent" of them, renders him a Catholic, and no power can do away with the efficacy of the process. Mr. Punch understands that in consequence the eminent missionary—Cardinal Wiseman has succeeded in corrupting the proprietors of Exeter Hall into allowing him to place their gallery a fire-engine charged with consecrated water, and at the next meeting of the Protestant Association, the Cardinal, aided by some stout-limbed priests, means to play upon the crowd, and declaim the baptismal service of Rome. As there is no doubt that this will quite fulfil the conditions required by the church, Mr. Punch advises true Protestants to take their umbrellas.

"Defeat this bill," said an orator, "and standing army, like a bird of prey, will swoop down and gnaw at the vitals of the Republic. Pass it, and a million of men, from the north, south, east, west; from hill and dale from your crowded cities and mountain fastness, at the first bugle-blast of war, will rally to your flag, and, like the heroic sons of the Spartan mother, will return it blazing all over with victory, or be encircled in its folds as their winding-sheet." We have heard of "the waters of the Mississippi being emptied into the Vatican," as the grand figure of speech; but this million of men circled in the winding-sheet of stars and stripes is certainly grander.

Place a glass of liquor on the table, put hat over it, and say, "I will engage to drink every drop of that liquor, and yet I'll not touch the hat." You then get under the table, and after giving three knocks, you make a noise with your mouth, as if you were swallowing the liquor. Then getting from under the table, you say, Now gentlemen, please to look! Some one, eager to see you have drunk the liquor will raise their head when you instantly take the glass and swallow the contents, saying, "Gentlemen! I have fulfilled my promise. You are all witnesses that I did not touch the hat."

The divorce law of Indiana has recently been a great consolation to dissatisfied parties. But the day of their conflict is now over. The law has been amended, and the following conditions are now required.—First, that the applicant shall have been a bona fide resident of the State for one year; second, abandonment for one year; third, service ten days, or publication thirty days, instead of fourteen; fourth, that if the defendant files a cross petition, the suit cannot be withdrawn by the withdrawal of the original petition; fifth, that the Court shall decree strict on the SE.imony as circumstances shall render just and proper; sixth, that a divorce on account of the misconduct of the wife gives the husband the same title to her property as if she were dead. A new section authorized the opening up of decrees in certain cases within two years, as to custody of children, and allowance of alimony, but not so as to marry the divorced parents.

CANINE SAGACITY. We learn from the Worcester Spy that a little son of Samuel H. Gorton who lives on the outskirts of Worcester was saved from an untimely death on Thursday by the sagacity of a dog. The lad had wandered away into a nook, where a deep snow-drift remained into which he had fallen. He became chilled and unable to extricate himself. The family dog, which was with him, comprehending his situation started off for a man whom he discovered in the distance, and who was engaged with others in searching for the boy, and by significant motions and gestures, led him to the place where the boy was. The lad was exhausted as hardly able to speak, and but for this fortunate discovery, must soon have perished, as it was in a place where no one would have thought of looking for him.

THE MORMONS. The Utah correspondent of the Chicago Tribune has taken notes of the social status of that territory. The population stood up as follows: Three hundred and eighty-seven men with seven or more wives; of these 13 have more than 19 wives; 73 and, deceased men with 5 wives; 1100 men with 4, and 1400 with more than 1 wife.

Rev. Dr. Ide showed some eight dollar brasses made at a temperance meeting in Springfield on Wednesday evening, which was manufactured at a cost of only ten cents per gallon.

Never confide in a young man; new pale leak. Never tell your secret to the aged, old doors seldom shut closely.

Mrs. Partington says, that if she should be cast away, she would prefer meeting the catastrophe in the "Bay of Biscuits," for the she should have something to live on.

It is announced, for the benefit of those persons who did not get a sight of the comet, that it will again appear before the public, for a few nights, in the autumn of 2147.

"I and Daniel Webster put up at the same tavern last night," said a rough-looking fellow. "It must have been a house of accommodation for both man and beast," replied the bystander.

Much has been told of this singular situation that has been vouchsafed to labor law, sea and land, he has discovered from the new offer of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, more than 800,000.

Mr. Greeley, June, has been told of this singular situation that has been vouchsafed to labor law, sea and land, he has discovered from the new offer of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, more than 800,000.

BRIDGTON.

CORRECTION.

Round Hogs, Flour, the \$1.00, Corn, Rye, Oats, Beef, 5 00, Pork, Hams, Shoulders, Bacon chops, Butter, 1, Cheese, Eggs, \$10 1/2, Potatoes, 30, Wool, 30.

HUMORS. It is well known that the humors are governed by the seasons.

In winter the humors are more prevalent, and in summer they are less so. The humors are more prevalent in winter, and in summer they are less so.

Kennedy's is a well known remedy for the humors. It is a well known remedy for the humors.

In this village, der, at his residence, in Jr. to Miss Naples.

In North Bridgton, aged 54 years.

SCHOOL. To the Legal V. 20, in the Town of HERRING.

W. Cummings and District, to call for a notice in said notice of B. C. House on the SE. 1859, at one of the following places: To choose said members. To choose other members. To transact legally on. Dated at Bridgton, A. D. 1859.

LUTH JACO JOHN.

ADMINISTRATOR. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

JOHN J. HARRISON. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

LUTH JACO JOHN. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

ADMINISTRATOR. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

JOHN J. HARRISON. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

LUTH JACO JOHN. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

ADMINISTRATOR. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

JOHN J. HARRISON. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

LUTH JACO JOHN. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

ADMINISTRATOR. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

JOHN J. HARRISON. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

LUTH JACO JOHN. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

ADMINISTRATOR. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

JOHN J. HARRISON. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

LUTH JACO JOHN. The undersigned, to all concerned, appointed and authorized Administrator of the estate of the late John J. Harrison, deceased.

Much has been said of the Eastern Esculapian labor for the sick; not one half has yet been told of the indomitable perseverance of this singular man. Imbued with the conviction that Scrofula is the parent of disease, he has been years engaged in searching the boundaries of the earth, for its antidote, with vast labor has he canvassed the products of sea and land, through both continents of remedies which expurges this human rot and corruption from the system. This new invention we now offer in our columns under the name of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, although its virtues are from substances far more active and effectual than Sarsaparilla.—[Mercantile Journal.

Mr. Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune, has generously placed at the service of Judge Edmonds one column of that paper each week, for the space of ten weeks, in which the Judge is to discourse on the subject of Spiritualism.

BRIDGTON PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE REPORTER.

Round Hogs, 7 to 8	Woolskins, 40 to 10
Flour, \$6 to 8 50	Beans, 1 33 to 1 50
Corn, \$1 00	Apples, bu, 40 to \$1
Rye, 1 00	Apples, bl, \$2 to 3 00
Oats, 45	Dried Apples, 5 to 8
Beef, 5 00 to 7 00	Clover Seed, 10 to 12
Pork, 8 to 10	Herd's Grass, 3 00
Hams, 8 to 10	Red Top, 1 25 to 1 50
Shoulders, 7 to 8	Turkeys, 8 to 10
Bacon chops, 5 to 6	Chickens, 8 to 10
Butter, 18 to 20	Wood, 1 50 to 2 00
Cheese, 8 to 12	Bark, 4 25
Eggs, 13	GRASS SEEDS.
Hay, \$10 to 13 00	Northern Clover, 1
Potatoes, 30 to 35	Red Top, \$1 to 1 25
Wool, 20 to 35	Herd's Grass, \$3 25

HUMORS OF THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

It is well known that the juices of the body are governed by the natural laws such as regulate the vegetable life in the change of seasons.

In winter they are congealed, or in common parlance the "sap is down," the pores are closed, and our whole body is hard and firm, and an accumulation of impurities takes place in our system.

The genial influences of Spring cause an expansion of all living matter, the sap rises in vegetable life, also the juices of our bodies are given out and enter into the common circulation.

Thus a law to which every human being is subject, and the neglect of it has caused a whole summer of misery.

Now is the time to apply a remedy that cleanses and searches every fibre and pore and eradicates every particle and sediment of humor that has lain stagnant during the winter.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery is well known to our readers as the greatest and best Blood Purifier the world has ever produced.

We advise each and all of our readers to use one bottle of this Spring; we say one bottle, for that will cleanse the impurities of one season and prepare the system for the change of the next.

Where the disease has fastened itself and become settled in the system, larger quantities are required.

For Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, White Scales, Shingles, Pushes, Ulcerated Sore Legs, Humor in the Eyes, Running of the Ears from Scrofula, Fever or Measles, the Medical Discovery can be relied upon to effect a perfect cure. 6t21.

MARRIAGES.

In this village, 17th ult., by Rev. A. Snyder, at his residence, Mr. Washington Chapman, Jr., to Miss Eliza Ann Cannell, both of Naples.

DEATHS.

In North Bridgton, 23d ult., Mark Deering aged 54 years.

SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 20.

To the Legal Voters of School District No. 20, in the Town of Bridgton:

WHEREAS application has been made to us, Selectmen of Bridgton, by B. C. Cummings and others, legal voters in said District, to call a meeting of the qualified voters in said School District,—You are hereby notified and warned to meet at the Dwelling House of B. C. Cummings, which said District is on the SECOND DAY OF APRIL, A. D. 1859, at one o'clock, P. M., then and there to act on the following articles to wit:—

- To choose a Moderator to preside at said meeting.
- To choose a Clerk and Agent and all other necessary officers for the ensuing year for said District.
- To transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

Dated at Bridgton, this 14th day of March, A. D., 1859.

LUTHER BILLINGS, } Selectmen
JOHN CHAPLIN, } of
JOHN KILBORN, } Bridgton.

NOTICE!

To the inhabitants of the Town of Bridgton and persons liable to be assessed thereon.

YOU are hereby notified that the subscribers here will be in session at the TOWN HOUSE in said Bridgton on WEDNESDAY the 6th day of April, instant, at nine o'clock in the forenoon for the purpose of receiving true and perfect lists of the Polls, and the Estates, Real and Personal, not by law exempted from taxation, which you were possessed of in said Town of Bridgton, on the first day of April last past, which accounts you are requested to bring in.

Dated at Bridgton, April 1st, A. D. 1859.

LUTHER BILLINGS, } Assessors
JOHN CHAPLIN, } of
JOHN KILBORN, } Bridgton.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

JOSIAH M. BLAKE,

late of Bridgton, in the County of Cumberland, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same for settlement to

SILAS BLAKE,

Harrison, Feb., 1, 1859. 5w21

Brushes! Brushes!

D. WHITE,

NO. 9 MARKET SQUARE,
PORTLAND, ME,

Manufacturer and Wholesale dealer in

BRUSHES,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Having made decided improvements in his Brushes, he would offer to Dealers better goods for the same money than can be bought of any other manufacturer in New England.

Machine Brushes made to order at short notice. April 1, 3m21

Private School!

MISS ABIEE A. BALL will commence a Private School in the Engine House NEXT MONDAY MORNING April 1

THE
PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT!
—
One of the best Literary Newspapers
OF NEW ENGLAND!
NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

The PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT will enter upon its twenty-third volume on the 9th of April next. On commencing a new volume its proprietors do not think it necessary to make any extraordinary promises for the future, believing that its merits are sufficiently well known to secure it the patronage of an intelligent public. It will continue to give the cream of current literature, together with the best local and foreign news in the pithiest paragraphs possible; information in nutshells. Tales, essays and poems, useful hints, facts for the curious, and thoughts for all. It is full of humor, rebusses and enigmas, shipnews and markets—all making up a first class family newspaper, welcome in every home circle. A carefully prepared digest of State and city news is given every week, making the paper especially welcome to the sons and daughters of Maine abroad. The TRANSCRIPT has now the largest circulation of any paper east of Boston, and has received many commendatory notices from the press, of which the following are specimens:

THE BEST YET. It has been our good fortune to receive a large number of papers of rare merit. But this week one has come to us which, considering its convenient size, its neat type, superior matter and its low price, we think surpasses them all. It is the PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT. It gives every scrap of news and a large amount of miscellaneous matter of the very choicest character—eight pages—published weekly, \$1.50 per year. It has just commenced a new volume, and we were going to subscribe for a paper for family use and could afford but one, this would be the one.—(Hingham, (Ms.) Journal.

THE PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT.—It is refreshing in these days of namby-pamby, hum lottery-bug newspapers, to sit down and read a journal like The Portland Transcript. Ever since we first entered a printing office, half a score years ago, it has been our favorite, and the favorite of all, from the roller-boy up to the editor. In its entire readableness, it approaches nearer to The Home Journal than any other paper; we might cut any article from its columns, and we don't need to say our readers would be ready to congratulate us on the taste which had prompted us in its selection.—(Clinton (Ms.) Courier.

As the beginning of a volume affords a good opportunity to subscribe we would call attention to the low terms of the Transcript.

TERMS.—\$1.50 a year in advance. Discount to clubs. Subscriptions taken for any length of time, whether more or less than a year, at the same rate; thus, for 50 cents we will send for four months and discontinue at the end of that time if desired.

CLUBBING WITH MAGAZINES, &c. We will send either of the \$3 Magazines (viz: Atlantic, Harper, Leslie, Godey and Great Republic) with the Transcript for \$5.50. Either of the \$2 Magazines (Peterson's and Youth's) for 2.75. Either of the \$2 Weeklies (Boston Journal or Traveller, N. Y. Tribune or Life Magazine) for \$2.50. Either of the \$1.00 Magazines, (Forrester's, Water Cure, or Phenomenology) for \$2.00. Money may be sent by mail at our risk. All Postmasters authorized to take orders.

Address. ELWELL, PICKARD & CO.
3w18 Portland, Me.

Boots and Shoes.
W. W. BURNHAM



Would respectfully inform the citizens of Bridgton, that we still continue at the old stand under the Odd Fellows Hall, where he can furnish them with anything in the B O C & AND SHOE line at the cheapest rates.

Mending done with neatness and dispatch.

All orders promptly executed. Shop 2d door from F. B. Caswell's.
Bridgton, March 10, 1858. 18tf

NEW & FRESH
INVOICE OF GOODS!
Just Opened?

THE subscribers would call the attention of purchasers to their large and extensive assortment of Goods, consisting of

English Goods,
Of all varieties,
Woolens, Ladies' Dress Goods,
DOMESTIC GOODS of all kinds, such as
Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers.
a large and choice stock of
GROCERIES, PAINTS & OILS
HARDWARE
Of all kinds.
CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE
IRON, STEEL, & GRINDSTONES.
All kinds of Farmer's produce taken in exchange for Goods.

A. & R. H. DAVIS.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. 1

I. S. HOPKINSON,
Manufacturer of
Doors, Sash & Blinds.
JOB PLAINING AND SAWING
done at call.
BRIDGTON CENTER. 1

TEA!

5 CHESTS Carrington Extra fine Oolong Tea, an extra Article, for 45 cts per lb.
Also, 5 Chests Olong Ning Yung, extra fine, selling at the low price of 55 cts, at 15 F. D. HANSON.

House-keepers Take Notice.
JUST received a lot of **ENAMELED KETTLES**, at **BILLING'S**,
Bridgton, March 10, 1859. 18

Hams! Hams!!
JUST received one hhd. Boston **SUGAR CURED HAMS**, at **BILLING'S**,
March 10, 1859. 17


BURNING FLUID and **CAMPENE**, at the lowest prices by the Gallon or Barrel by **WILSON & BURGESS**,
63 Commercial St. Portland, Me 4w17

ENOCH KNIGHT,
Counselor and Attorney at Law,
LOVELL, ME.
S. M. HARMON,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
BRIDGTON, MAINE. 1

Skeleton and Balmoral Skirts!
JUST received a fresh lot of best quality Skeleton and Balmoral Skirts, at Jan. 14, '59. **BILLINGS S.**

RUBBER BOOTS Men's first quality Rubber Boots, at **BILLING'S** 5

JUST RECEIVED!
A NEW and large assortment of FRESH and desirable Goods, consisting, first, of
DRY GOODS!
—SUCH AS—
Foreign & Domestic DeLaines, Valentia & other Plaids.
A good assortment of
COATINGS, and DOESKINS, Merrimack, Cochecho,
and other American Prints.
Woolen and Cotton Flannels, BROWN & BLEACHED COTTONS
of every description.
CRASHES, & WOOLEN YARNS; HOODS, & COMFORTERS,
of every description.
KNIT SHIRTS & DRAWERS.
Best article of Ladies'
KID GLOVES,
Also a good assortment of
GENTS' LUCKSKIN GLOVES. NELSON'S PATENT
Improved Skirt Supporter,
—AND—
Skeleton Skirts,
together with a good assortment of Ladies' Congress, Heel, and other Gaiters, manufactured by ALLEY & BILLINGS. Also my own manufacture of Men's first quality of
THICK BOOTS!
I have also a good assortment of
Calf Boots, & Dancing Pumps.
In addition to the above, I have a large assortment of
Rubber Shoes
A full assortment, likewise, of
CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES.
I have constantly on hand a choice assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
Just received, too, a new invoice of
Hats and Caps.
—OF—
GROCERY,
I have an extensive variety. Also all varieties of
Paints, and Oils,
Leads, Varnish, Japan & Spirits.
My stock of GROCERIES is, as usual, comprising
MOCHA, JAVA, RIO, AND ST. DOMINGO,
and pure Roasted and Ground Coffee.
BLACK AND GREEN TEAS,
of the best quality. Also a new article of patent
CUT LOAF SUGAR
together with CRASH, GRANULATED, HAVANNA AND MUSCAVADO SUGARS, LEAF, LARD, MESS AND CLEAR PORK, NEW YORK & WORCESTER COUNTY CHEESE.
SPICES of all kinds and of the purest quality.
MACE, CASSIA, AND TAPIOCA.
I have also just received a fresh lot of new
CASK, BUNCH, AND LAYER RASINS, CITRON, & CURRANTS.
My stock of
FLOWER
is large and of the best Brands.
Of Fish I have
OLD DUN AND POLLOCK
of the best quality.
NAILS, AND WINDOW GLASS,
kept constantly on hand.
MOLASSES,
of the best quality, as usual.
OILS, PURE SPERM AND BLEACHED WHALE OIL, Also
NEATS FOOT OIL!
FLUID AND CAMPHENE.
Added to the above, I have a general assortment of
WOODEN WARE,
consisting of Pails, Tubs, Trays, Bowls, &c. all of the best quality.
BOYS' GUNS.
DAY & MARTIN'S BLACKING.
and the best
GERMAN COLOGNE!
also for sale.
LUTHER BILLINGS.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1888. 2fr

J. F. & J. D. WOODBURY,
Manufacturers of
FURNITURE, BROOSTEADS, &C.
JOBGING
attended to with promptness and dispatch.
Please give us a call. 
Shop next door to Adams & Walker's Store.
BRIDGTON CENTER. 1

Just Received!
A FRESH assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's **RUBBER BOOTS,** at
Jan. 14. **BILLINGS'S.**
HAVE YOU GOT A BAD COUGH?
IF SO, you had better buy a Box of **BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,** for they will give you instant relief. For sale at
[7] **HAYDEN'S.**

J. H. KIMBAL, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BRIDGTON CENTER, ME.
Office, residence at the late Dr. Blake's house.
200 BBL'S. FLOUR! in store for sale
low for cash by
ADAMS & WALKER.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

For the Reporter.

THE CIRCLE.

Reader, did you ever go
Where the ladies meet to sew—
Needle, thimble, thread in hand,
Old and young a happy band?
Now just listen, hear the chat,
Now of this and now of that—
Spiritualism, practised daily
Peterson's last, and Jane O'Malley,
The last sleigh-ride, and the weather,
And all the world together.
O! just see the tinker's son,
On the wood-pile chewing gum,
And the girls did him surround,
Then part questions do propound.
Everything must have a part!
Works of genius, gems of art,
Then just see the fingers fly
'Mong those threads of every dye;
'Here a fadeless flower is blooming,
There a bud no worm consuming!
Here a butterfly and heart,
'That doesn't feel each little smart,
Ladies, when you have your fair
It does make us music rare;
Now, perhaps you'd like this guard,
'Fairy fingers labored hard,"
'Knot by knot the silk to tie,
Come, sir," when we sell do buy!
Hark! the sleigh bells, who is there?
Maria, and Will the "Esquire."
Then renewed the merry hum;
Gaily welcomed as they come,
Gleason, Nathan, and the "Doctor,"
'Tom" the lawyer, "Hen," the orator,
Help to swell the careless ring,
Laugh or chat, or sigh or sing.
'Time hath wings, the sages say,
Sure to night he would not stay."
Soon, full soon, the hours come round,
And we are all "homeward bound,"
But the night was dark at best,
So, friend Lamson, guess the rest.
UNCLE DUDLEY.
Bridgton, Mar. 14, 1859.

MISTAKES ON MATRIMONY.

There are two mistakes about it. One is that which Dr. Watts has sanctioned in his celebrated lyric—that souls were paired when sent into this world, and somehow have got mixed and jumbled up, scarcely any one getting his true counterpart, or having any chance of doing so; and that hence are jar-rings of the married state. Many people lay off their miseries upon this mystic fatalism, and think, if they had only had their true partners, they should have been supremely happy. Now the truth is, there are no persons but those regenerated, or becoming so, who can be brought into an intimate relation, least of all the most intimate, without drawing out all the mutual points of repulsion in their character.

We are not sent into the world paired and nicely fitted to each other without any agency of our own; we are brought here with selfish natures to be subdued, and angelic natures to be unfolded from within; and this is done through constant watchings, self-denials and efforts. Let two persons then, with hearts intensely natural be brought together in the most sacred of all relations. They think they are matched. They are so. But it may be either for a draw game at self, or for walking, *aquis paisibus*, on the heavenly road. If they begin in earnest a life of regeneration, internal evils, as they come successively into the consciousness, will be denied, and have all their jagged points filed off, and finally, will be cast out entirely; and whereas their union at first might have been only external, it may become more and more internal; and at length it may become so perfect, that, for aught we know, they may appear in the spiritual world, as Mr. T. L. Harris says like one person instead of two. At any rate, they may become together a complete humanity, whereas, apart, they would be a humanity halved and split in twain.

On the other hand, suppose a regenerate life does not begin, but selfish and worldly living rather. Then the jagged points of two selfish natures will begin to show themselves, and they will grow more protuberant, and make the disunion more and more complete. This will appear at first rather insensibly under externals, but it will grow to a terrible reality. At first they will only wish to look at the moon through separate windows; but very soon it will be as Hood says, and they will want separate moons to look at; and lastly, there will be no moon at all, for all the romance of life will have departed, and its soft silvery light will have gone out in total darkness.

The other mistake is that of supposing the happiest marriages must be a union of congenial tastes and pursuits. Just the opposite, we think, is true. What does one want of another who is just like himself, and is not complimentary of his own imperfect being? As Mr. Emerson puts it, "they must be very two before they can be very one." The more two the better. Ideal men want practical wives—ideal wives want practical men; and then, the earth-side, and the heaven-side of life being put together, it rounds to a glorious completeness. But they must be put together by interpenetration, and not by soldering; or, as Swedenborg says, they must be *conjoined*, and not *adjoined*.—[Monthly Religious Mag.

An editor says that when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailer "to give the prison a puff."

"All things from above are not blessings," as the man said when an avalanche of snow and ice alighted on his head.

There is at present a man in Munster whose temper is so exceedingly hot that he invariably reduces all his shirts to tinder.

BRIDGTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOTS & SHOES.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he continues to manufacture Boots & Shoes of every description, at his old stand at North Bridgton, where may be found a general assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

He also has the right, and manufactures MITCHELL'S PATENT Metalic Tip Boots and Shoes, for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples, Watford, Sweden, Lovell and Fryeburg; and will be happy to furnish those in want of anything in his line.

Orders filled with as much dispatch as the nature of the business will admit.

JAMES WEBB.

No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1858.

Pondicherry House.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public that he is ready to entertain, at the above House, travellers in a good and substantial manner, and for a reasonable compensation. The Pondicherry House is kept on strictly temperance principles, and travellers will find it a quiet resting place. My House is also fitted up for boarding, and all who see fit to take board with me, will find a comfortable home.

I have also, good Stabling for Horses.

MARSHAL BACON.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 19, 1858.

BLACKSMITHING!

A. C. BURNHAM would inform the people of Bridgton and vicinity that he is prepared to do at his Shop all varieties of blacksmithing. He will give especial attention to

Horse Shoeing,

Carriage and Sleigh Ironing,

MACHINE FORGING,

AND TO

STEEL WORK,

generally. All work in his line promptly attended to.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858

F. D. HANSON,

Dealer in all sorts of

GROCERIES.

TEA, COFFEE, MOLASSES, SUGAR.

MEATS

Bought and sold at all times on favorable terms.

F. D. HANSON also keeps on hand for sale a superior article of

FLOUR,

made from selected wheat, ground and put up at the Saccarappa Mills.

Cash paid for Hides, Calf and Wool Skins.

Bridgton Center.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HASKELL'S visits at Bridgton, will continue once in three months through the year, commencing with the second MONDAY in December, March, June and September. Thanking the citizens of Bridgton and vicinity for their liberal patronage heretofore, he respectfully solicits an increase of the same, and assures all who may need the services of his profession, that it will be for their interest, in every respect, to call upon him before going elsewhere.

Dr. H. will, when requested, visit patients at their residence without extra charge, but all who wish such visits, or intend to employ him, are particularly requested to make it known at an early hour.

REUBEN BALL

KEEPS constantly on hand for sale a good assortment of

Family Groceries,

such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Apples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese.

MEATS

of different kinds—in a word, most every thing for family consumption.

Farmers' Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

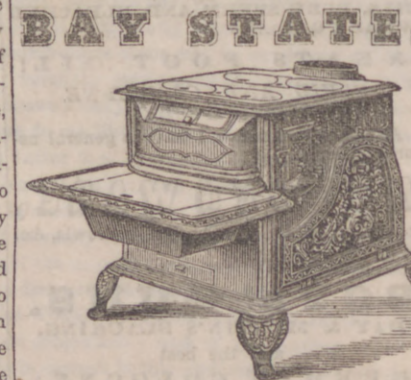
Purchasers will find it for their interest to call.

Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858.

The Best Cook Stove

IN USE IS THE

BAY STATE.



YOU can do double the work with one half the wood, and will last twice as long, making it worth four times as much as any other Stove and does not cost any more.

This Stove is kept constantly on hand by

B. CLEAVES & SON,

Where may be found a good assortment of

Cast Iron Parlor Stoves,

open and close front.

AIR TIGHT, PARLOR OVEN AND BOX

STOVES;

FIRE FRAMES, CAULDRON KETTLES,

Pumps, Sheet Lead, Zinc, Tin Ware,

and other things too numerous to mention.

All kinds of JOB WORK done at short notice.

N. B. Country Produce taken in exchange.

Bridgton Center

SAWYER & WISWELL,

BRIDGTON, MAINE.

Manufacturers and dealers in

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

GRAVE STONES,

Monuments,

Tomb Tables, Table Tops, Chimney Pieces,

Cornices, Soda Pumps, Shelves, Hearth

Stones, Soap Stones, &c., &c.

All of the best materials, and for Style and Execution, unsurpassed.

All Orders Executed Promptly, at the Lowest Possible Cash Prices

Bridgton Center

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

Elm House,

PORTLAND, ME.

S. M. MARBLE & CO., Proprietors.

The undersigned would say to their Bridgton friends, that having leased the ELM HOUSE, for a term of years, and having reduced the price of Board to

\$1.25 cents per day,

they hope to receive a generous share of their patronage. No pains will be spared to render their guests comfortable, and make them feel at home. S. M. MARBLE & CO. Portland, Feb. 1858. 3m14

PATENT MEDICINES.

LANGLEY'S Bitters, Atwood's Bitters, sam, Atwood's Cherry Pectoral, Wistar's Balsam, Atwood's Liniment, Davis' Pain Killer, Ayers' Pills, Wright's Pills, and all kinds of Patent Medicines for sale by

WILSON & BURGESS,

63 Commercial st. Portland, Me. 4w17

COAL OIL, A superior article warranted equal to Kerosene Oil, for sale by the Gallon or Barrel by WILSON & BURGESS, 63 Commercial st. Portland, Me. 4w17

SUPERIOR CHINA WHITE POLISH, warranted equal to any article now in use for Parlor Finish, for sale at a low price by WILSON & BURGESS, 63 Commercial st. Portland, Me. 4w17

"YOUNG AMERICA"

Fashionable Clothing

HAT, CAP & FURNISHING DEPOT

NO. 76 MIDDLE STREET,

PORTLAND, ME.

T. C. WEBBER, Proprietor. 3 6m

CHAS. R. MILLIKEN,

—WHOLESALE—

WEST INDIA GOODS

—AND—

PROVISION DEALER,

19 Commercial Street, head of Long Wharf,

PORTLAND, ME. 31y

J. G. TOLFOORD & CO.,

NO. 6 FREE STREET BLOCK,

PORTLAND, ME.

DEALERS IN

Silks! Shawls! Velvets! Flannels

WOOLENS, EMBROIDERIES,

LINENS, HOUSEKEEPING, GOODS, &c.

Particular attention paid to the

LINEN DEPARTMENT,

Which contains at all times a full Stock of every description of LINEN GOODS, of the best and most desirable Fabrics, viz:

Linon Sheetings Pillow Linens, Fronting Linens,

DAMASKS, NAPKINS, TOWELS, &c.

Also, a full Stock of Cotton Goods at very Low Prices.

As our senior partner has had over twenty years' experience in the DRY GOODS BUSINESS, and our facilities for obtaining the BEST GOODS at the lowest prices have been constantly increasing, we are enabled to offer to our customers and the public, the latest NOVELTIES of the season, on their earliest arrival, and at prices to correspond with the times. 31f

AUGUSTUS BLANCHARD,

Wholesale Grocer,

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

NO. 79 COMMERCIAL STREET,

Corner Custom House Wharf,

PORTLAND, ME. 1 6m

Paper Box Manufactory,

144 MIDDLE ST. PORTLAND, ME.

Boxes, of all kinds

manufactured at short notice. All orders addressed to

CHARLES H. JEWELL,

will be promptly attended to.

2 ly CHAS. H. JEWELL.

FILES & EMERY,

Wholesale and Retail dealers in

HATS, CAPS, AND FURS,

170 MIDDLE ST., PORTLAND, ME

FURS! FURS! FURS!

The best assortment of Foreign and Domestic Furs ever offered in this market. This is entirely a new house, and thus avoiding the risk of getting old Furs. All of our Fur Goods are fresh made and selected from the best houses in New York

M. B. C. Files, F. C. Emery. 2 ly

J. W. BLANCHARD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

French & American Soft Hats,

LATEST Styles SILK DRESS HATS,

BLACK DRAB AND PEARL CASH-MERE HATS,

FUR, PLUSH, CLOTH & GLAZED CAPS,

Youth's and Children's Fancy Hats and Caps.

FOX BLOCK, 75 MIDDLE STREET,

PORTLAND, ME. 31y

M. L. HALL,

Dealer in

Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods,

SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS,

BLACK SILKS,

warranted to wear well.

FANCY SILKS,

of all desirable styles.

STRAW BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS,

LADIES CAPS, HEAD DRESSES,

EMBROIDERY, GLOVES, HOSIERY &c.

All at the lowest prices.

100 Middle St., Portland, Me.

Opposite Casco Bank 2 1f

PORTLAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS. A. HAMLIN'S

NEW MILLINERY STORE,

Where may be found a good assortment of

READY MADE MILLINERY,

Consisting of

French Hats, Caps, Head Dresses,

RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c.

Also, Ready Made Mourning Bonnets and Hair Work.

Bonnets Bleached, Pressed and Repaired.

Orders promptly attended to.

NO. 3, UNDER U. S. HOTEL,

PORTLAND, ME. 71y

CHASE, WOODBURY, & CO.

Importers and dealers in

Hard Ware & Cutlery,

NO. 175 MIDDLE STREET,

PORTLAND ME.

WINDOW GLASS, NAILS, LEAD, MILL

SAWS, SHOVELS, ZINC, PUMPS,

JOINERS' TOOLS, &c., &c. 2 6m

C. W. ROBINSON & CO.,

HAVE ONE OF THE BEST AND

CHOICEST STOCKS OF

Dry Goods in the City,

comprising every article usually found in a

FIRST CLASS DRY GOODS STORE.

We devote especial attention to the purchase and sale of RICH FOREIGN

FABRICS, such as DRESS SILKS, SHAWLS,

VELVETS, FRENCH EMBROIDERIES,

FRENCH and ENGLISH PRINTS, &c., &c.

Also, to our Stock of LINEN and HOUSE

KEEPING GOODS, which is very large. We have always on hand, LINEN SHEETINGS,

PILLOW and FRONTING LINENS, TABLE

DAMASKS, DAMASK TOWELS, NAPKINS,

and DOYLIES, of the very best and most reliable manufacture.

Also, wide SHEETINGS, BLANKETS,

QUILTS, BATHING, WAFF YARN, &c., &c.

We are constantly receiving new FOREIGN

GOODS. Our arrangements are such as will enable us to have the choicest of the new

styles of DRESS GOODS as soon as they are received in Boston or New York.

Patterns sent by mail, postage free.

Orders will receive our personal attention.

Address,

C. W. ROBINSON & CO.,

No. 125 Middle Street, Portland, Me. 7

OTTO WIEDERO,

Watchmaker,

Clocks and fine Regulators,

of all kinds made to order, also

Repairs Music Boxes and Jewelry, &c.

116 MIDDLE STREET,

PORTLAND, ME.

Sign of the Illuminated Clock. 2 6m

Davis, Twitchell, & Chapman,

wholesale dealers in

TEAS, TOBACCO, W. I. GOODS,

COUNTRY PRODUCE, &c.